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MURDER-MANIA.

It was formerly the custom, even with profound thinkers, to look upon the rude simplicity of early societies as the natural state of man, from which every advance into refinement was an artificial divergence. Some authors have lamented this state of nature as a lost paradise; and Rousseau, more especially, in a famous paradox, has called upon the world to recognise the vanity of the arts and sciences. The mistake was of the same kind as that which placed the human race merely in the highest class of animals, and caused Monboddo to look sharply out for the remains of those caudal appendages of which we had been robbed by exotic culture. Since then, however, the fact has met not only with philosophical, but general recognition, that man has his own peculiar kingdom in nature; that he is born a progressive being, destined to rise through various stages of improvement to some hitherto undetermined condition; and that savagism is no more his natural state, than the seed or the sapling is the natural state of the full-grown tree.

Although the point we are destined to reach is hidden in the future, we know with some degree of certainty where we now are. We are able to trace the career of moral and social advancement from its earliest stages; and tribes and nations, in every degree of progress hitherto attained, placed under our view by means of the comparative perfection of navigation, serve as living illustrations of the theories of the learned and the traditions of the vulgar. Assisted by such materials, we have come to distinguish between the natural and unnatural—that is, between the law of nature and the law of circumstances; and thus the virtues of the savage are seen to be the vices of the civilised man, and deeds which were formerly regarded as mere transgressions of social rule, are recognised as crimes against the ordinances of God, now brought out in distinct and indelible characters in the awakened heart. This comparatively advanced position is attended by a corresponding refinement in manners. We are more gentle and kindly in our bearing than formerly; the individual belongs more essentially to the community; the rich bear more generously the burthens of the poor, and the strong those of the weak; and in the intercommunion of the sexes there is, throughout almost all classes of society, an air of courtly delicacy, which is the homage of chivalry divested of its ostentation and extravagance.

This is a very amiable-looking picture of the English of the middle of the nineteenth century: but to make it a true one, we must bring out another feature—and one so repulsive, so terrible, so extraordinary, that the reason and imagination are both alike bewildered and aghast. Growing up in the very midst of this kind-

liness of spirit, fastidious delicacy, and romantic refinement, there is a tendency to crime more wild, more brutal, more abominable, than the darkest ages of the world ever heard of. In former times, a truly 'terrific murder' was the opprobrium of the epoch, and a landmark of history: now, one succeeds another with such rapidity, that the mind becomes deadened to the sense of horror. Wives destroy their husbands by means of the long agonies of days or weeks—watching, in the meantime, like Gouls by their bedside, and gloating on the struggles of their despair; mothers poison their infants when sucking at their breasts; and husbands and wives, conspiring at their firesides to assassinate, prepare the details of the deed a month before, and receive daily the intended victim as a friend and guest till the moment of murder arrives. This horrible taint in the national mind occurs in the midst of social, moral, and religious soundness. It is the attendant of our civilisation, the shadow of our refinement. What is the connection which thus binds together health and disease, life and death? That there is a connection of one kind or other—that there is something in the present form of our civilisation which produces or encourages this seeming anomaly—appears to be certain, for the one has never existed without the other.

It has been surmised before now that the tendency to crime is a symptom of mental disease. In our present state of society, with all its advancement, there evidently exist great numbers of individuals with ill-regulated minds, and whose mental imperfections induce a fatal imitative tendency towards evil actions. Add to this, the vast and complicated pressure of paltry necessities and sordid feelings, and we have a tolerably clear reason assigned for the murder-mania which has lately afflicted the country. But there is still something besides: the exciting and abhorrent details of slaughter offered by the public journals must be held far from blameless. No doubt the newspaper press only obeys a demand in presenting these minutiae of crime to its readers. The details we speak of, however, are not the less mischievous. Unquestionably, the *unsound predisposition* receives a direction and an impulse from the journals; and the atrocities, the horrors, and the sufferings that flaunt so wildly and pertinaciously in the eyes of the public, serve as so many sparks to ignite the latent mine.

That the journals do exercise this influence—that they are, so to speak, accessories before the fact to three-fourths of the more extravagant murders that occur in England—we confidently believe. A curious proof of this exists in the fact, that the crime assumes, from time to time, the character of an epidemic. A murder occurs: the journalist does his work; and the poison he gives forth floats over the country like a pestilence. The rational are shocked, the refined dis-

gusted, the timid terrified; but the vulgar drink in the details with a hideous delight, and soon a new murder proclaims that these have come in contact with some predisposed mind. The same process is now gone over again, and is followed by the same result: again—again—again; till at length the excitement palls—murder has no longer its zest—horror becomes tame—the journals lose their ghastly influence—and the epidemic is for the time at an end.

That this influence really exists, and works in the manner we have described, is proved by the history of self-murder. The predisposed suicide is not merely instigated to the deed by the poisonous details of the journals, but determined in the choice of a locality. Certain places become fashionable haunts for those who have a mind to destroy themselves. Now, for instance, they are attracted to the top of the Monument in London, till the authorities humanely interpose a grating; then they affect a particular corner of Waterloo Bridge, till a preventive force of policemen is stationed on the spot. To suppose, as regards such cases, that men previously sound in intellect are seduced into self-destruction merely by reading the details of a similar deed, is absurd: a taint of insanity must exist, a predisposition, that is developed and directed by narratives only too interesting to a diseased mind. The usual mode in which the journals act is by accustoming the fore-doomed wretch to brood over the deed they describe—by presenting to his morbid imagination the air-drawn dagger till it acquires a character of reality. They sometimes, however, derive collateral aid from the love even of infamous notoriety, which is a passion of vulgar minds. At the moment we write, a more than suspected murderer, of the foulest description, is reported as betraying excessive gratification at the attention he excited while commencing in Jersey, in the custody of the law, that journey which he knew would conduct him to the gallows. A single word uttered in the act of suicide not far from where we write affords another illustration. Everybody knows the Dean Bridge at Edinburgh, from which is obtained one of the most remarkable views even in this paradise of the picturesque. The bridge consists of several arches thrown boldly over a ravine of great depth, such as elsewhere forms a feature only in the wildest Highland scenery. Perched on the cliffs and slopes of the glen, ranges of aristocratic buildings and ornamental gardens contrast with the rudeness of nature; and at the bottom, at some two or three hundred yards' distance, a small temple-like structure rises over St Bernard's Well. On looking down over the dizzy parapet, the floor is seen of almost naked rocks, forming the bed of the scanty Water of Leith; and here, some little while ago, an unhappy man destroyed himself by leaping from the bridge into the abyss. The incident of course excited remark both in the newspapers and in conversation, and the poor wretch became the hero of rumour for a few days. Soon after, a working-man was passing along the bridge in that stage of intoxication which is a true though temporary insanity, and he was observed suddenly to climb upon the parapet. The bystanders, rushing to save him, were only in time to hear him cry, 'For death or glory!' The previous tragedy, with all its circumstances of notoriety, appeared to his crazy mind to give a certain *dignity* to its victim; and it was probably with some drunken heroism of feeling he shouted his last words, and springing over the bridge, was dashed to pieces upon the rocks below!

There is a hamlet well known to us, about midway

between the town of Enfield in Middlesex and the village of Enfield Highway. It is called Turkey Street; but notwithstanding this odd name, it is one of the finest specimens of rurality we know; and with its abundant foliage, its pebbly stream spanned by wooden bridges, and its park-like neighbourhood, it always used to put us in mind of a village scene in a theatre. It has no traffic, no view but of woods and lawns; and though only a dozen miles from the heart of London, might seem to lie a hundred from any congregation whatever of the human kind. We had little thought, after leaving our tranquil hermitage a few years ago, that we should ever see its name in the newspapers; but the other day we were horrified to find that the Epidemic had been there—that one of the mothers of the hamlet had been seized while hacking with a knife at the throats of her children! Now, is it possible to account for the turn thus taken by the poor woman's insanity, otherwise than by supposing that her diseased mind had received its fatal direction, and been wound up to a paroxysm, by the bloody images with which it had been deluged? The hamlet, it is true, had little direct communication with the world of crime or business; but, alas, it had its public-house, and the public-house its Sunday newspaper!

But it is a difficult and thankless task to make head against tradition. The murderer has motives: therefore, in the popular idea, he is sane. It is never considered that suicides and other monomaniacs have likewise motives. Even when circumstances of the most hideous and revolting extravagance occur, they are set down as aggravating the crime, not as conveying a suspicion of the sanity, in that particular point, of the criminal. Among the recent cases, a man, for the sake of some trifling robbery, slew a mother with her two children and a servant-woman; and in this terrific deed, not satisfied with the blows that dealt death, must have spent many of the moments so precious to his safety in hewing at the dead bodies of the little girls. His counsel, at the trial, though not led to theorise farther, ventured to suggest that this extravagance was a proof of unsound mind; but the judge, surprised and indignant at the heresy, rebuked him with vehemence. His charge had the usual effect with the jury: the frantic criminal was condemned to the gallows; and the populace within and without the court testified their satisfaction with yells of applause!

The complicity of the journals, unluckily, is moral, not legal. But although we cannot prosecute them as accessories before the fact, it would be very easy for those in authority to deprive them of the materials of which, either from sordid motives or trade competition, they make so bad a use. When it is intended, for the purposes of justice, that a particular matter should be kept secret, there is no difficulty in obtaining their silence, if this can only be done by excluding their reporters from the place. They are, in fact, in a great degree at the mercy of the functionaries, and would compete with each other in observing regulations that were determined to be enforced. Instead of any such regulations, however, every facility is afforded them for deluging the country with the fatal trash with which their columns are now full; and even the wax-modeller Tusand is politely permitted to perpetuate in her exhibition the memory of the horrors of the day, for the benefit of constitutional monomaniacs and of the rising generation. But the authorities will not trouble themselves; and the government, as usual, will stand still, waiting till external pressure supplies its deficiency in internal life and energy. Thus things will go on as they are, till some public-spirited member gets up in his place

in parliament, and by enlisting on the side of good taste, policy, and humanity, the whole intelligence and respectability of the country, succeeds in wiping away this blot upon the civilisation of the age. L. R.

THE LEGACY.

'I NEVER in my life knew any people so lucky as George Andrews and his wife,' observed Mrs Henderson one evening to her husband in a tone which bordered strongly on complaint.

'What has happened to them now, Sophia?' inquired he, suspending his pen, and looking up with a stronger sense of interest in his wife's feelings, however, than in his neighbours' fortunes.

'Have you not heard, Philip, that a cousin of his has died in India, and left him six or seven thousand pounds? Only think of receiving such a legacy from a person one has never seen, and scarcely ever heard of!'

'I am glad to hear it,' replied Mr Henderson. 'One may congratulate him on his accession of wealth without fear of giving rise to painful regrets. Six thousand pounds would not console one for the loss of a very dear friend.'

'Six thousand pounds would be very pleasant to inherit, Philip,' replied the lady in a tone which seemed to imply that it would console *her* for a great deal. 'I wish somebody would leave as much to you: how happy it would make us!'

'I am not so sure of that; such an addition to our income might possibly make us neither happier nor richer than we are at present.'

'Not richer! Why, Philip, you are joking. Would not three hundred a year—and, if properly managed, it would produce that—make us a great deal richer! What an advantage it would be!'

'What do you need, Sophia, that you do not at present possess, that you are so extremely desirous of a larger income?'

'Oh, a dozen things at least: we would put Edward to a first-rate school, and have a capital governess for the others. What a pleasure that would be! I should be no more tied to teaching, as I am now, but should be as independent of the nursery as Mrs Andrews; and then, perhaps, you would indulge me with a week in London; and I am dying to hear an opera! I am sure you could afford that for once in a way.'

'I hope we shall manage to put Edward to a good school, my dear,' said her husband rather gravely; 'though, as to the tuition of the girls, I think you must still be contented to act the part of a mother towards them. And permit me to say, that I trust your desire of going to London is as visionary as your expectation of a legacy. Your happiness does not depend on either event, I should imagine; certainly not nearly so much as on the cultivation of a cheerful and contented spirit, such as you have always hitherto exhibited.'

No more was said on the subject, and Mr Henderson trusted that, as the first excitement of this intelligence subsided, his wife's inclination to discontent would likewise die away, and that she would gradually resume the use of her reason and her habits of active usefulness.

The inheritor of this unexpected legacy, meantime, did not view the affair in the bright colours that dazzled Mrs Henderson. On the contrary, he had many and serious thoughts on the subject. He was at the first moment, it is true, much pleased with this sudden accession of property, but when he came to consider the matter, he experienced a great revulsion of feeling; and he began to doubt whether he was so lucky a man as his acquaintance universally denominated him. It was, after all, so small a sum—only six thousand pounds—it would hardly add to his income or increase his credit. Why had it not been ten thousand? He would, he thought, have been quite satisfied with that; that would have been a handsome legacy, a something worth talking about, a gift to be grateful for. Perhaps, had it been ten thousand, he might have risen a step in the world, and from senior clerk of the extensive firm to which he

belonged, he might have been admitted as partner; a change which he ardently desired. Why could not his cousin have made the legacy larger! How provoking that, either from want of interest in his welfare, or from any other cause, he had stopped short of a sum which would certainly have procured him, as he imagined, perfect happiness.

The gloom which overspread his brow was not unmarked by his affectionate wife; and supposing that he was over-wearied by his work, and standing in need of relaxation, she one day proposed that he should beg a short holiday from the office, and spend it with them at the sea-side.

'I cannot afford any such extravagant pleasures,' was his reply, somewhat impatiently, to her suggestion.

'I thought this legacy you have received would have enabled you!' replied she rather timidly—then paused.

'Legacy!' repeated he; 'I am sick of the legacy. After all the congratulations with which I am pestered, as if I had inherited half the Indies, to be owner of only six thousand pounds—it is too bad!'

'Nay, dear George, I cannot agree with you: six thousand pounds is a large sum for us, and will make a most comfortable addition to our income. I am sure I feel grateful for it.'

'Grateful—pooh! If Edward Davis wished me to be grateful, he should have left me something worth naming. Upon my word I was ashamed to own this legacy, which has made so much noise, was only six thousand pounds when the eldest Walker asked me about it to-day. How contemptible it must appear to him, who makes more than that clear profit every year!'

'But these things are all by comparison, George; and a sum which would be nothing to your employers may be very important to you. You would not, I am sure, like to lose this six thousand again, although you speak of it now so slightly!'

He did not answer, and she, after waiting a moment, ventured to continue:—'You are tempted to take this gloomy view of matters, George, because you feel more than usually harassed with business. I am certain that is the only reason. Pray, for once take my advice, and try if the change of scene and little holiday I propose would not give you renewed strength and vigour for your work.' She spoke in the gentlest and most persuasive accents, but they were lost on a mind which listened only to the whispers of a newly-awakened avarice.

Mr Andrews, after pacing the room for some minutes, seated himself again by his wife, and tried to make her understand the ambitious projects he had formed, and the great promotion he believed he had so narrowly missed. But she was too clear-sighted and well-principled to encourage visionary projects, which tended only to disquiet his mind, and prevent his enjoying the blessings which were lawfully his. To his plan of laying by the whole of this addition to their income she did not of course object, if it was to enable her husband at some future time to retire from business; but his wish to become proprietor of the concern to which he belonged made her sigh, as she thought of the increased responsibility he desired for himself; and she dreaded lest the sudden passion for accumulation which had now seized him, might lead him farther in the road of covetousness than he at all anticipated. But his project was fixed, and he resolved at all events to become possessor of ten-thousand pounds, a preliminary step, as he imagined, to his great advancement; and seeing that she must submit, she wisely submitted with a good grace, and resigned her hopes of change of air for herself and children without a murmur.

Mr Andrews and Mrs Henderson were clerks in the same concern; but the former, both in station and income, was considerably the senior, and Mrs Henderson had long been accustomed to eye with something approaching to envy the superior comforts and even elegancies which Mrs Andrews enjoyed. Not that there was anything approaching to ostentation in their manner of living; and in truth most of the indulgences which Mrs Hender-

son commented on or coveted were purchased from the comfortable portion which Mrs Andrews had inherited of her father. It was this which enabled them to send their eldest son to a superior school, and it was from this fund that the excellent governess was paid, who shared with the mother the task of educating a numerous and increasing family. That people already possessed of so much should inherit more, seemed an unnecessary addition, and almost an unfair division of worldly goods, to the jealous apprehension of Mrs Henderson. But had she known the truth, her envy must have subsided into pity. From the possession of that fatal legacy was the wife forced to date a melancholy and most distressing alteration in her husband: his whole nature seemed changed, and every honourable, generous, and even affectionate feeling, appeared smothered in a passion for gain. Quickly to accumulate the desired capital was his thought by day, his dream by night; and to accelerate this object, he tried in every possible way to curtail all expenses not strictly unavoidable. Gradually, but surely, Mrs Andrews found herself deprived of numerous trifles which her delicate health seemed to require: their household was diminished, subscriptions to charities withdrawn, their pleasant and commodious house exchanged for a cheaper abode in a less healthy situation; and when it appeared that it was of too contracted dimensions to receive them all, she was told that she must therefore give up the governess. By degrees the whole expenses of the household were reduced to the sum which was in truth her own, and her husband was not to be prevailed on to extend its limits or allow her to touch his salary. Had honour, honesty, or prudence dictated this proceeding, Mrs Andrews would have submitted without a remonstrance; her zeal in economy would even have exceeded his; but to feel herself and her children deprived of those advantages to which they had been accustomed from birth, only to gratify a fatally-increasing disease of her husband's mind, was bitter. But bitterer far was the loss of his affection and confidence—the painful coldness which had insensibly grown up between them. It was after a few years of such a system that a new prospect was suddenly opened, in an offer of partnership from another and a rival house. The prospect was alluring in every respect, the concern was supposed to be peculiarly flourishing, and the terms in which it was made were as flattering as they were advantageous. Eagerly was the proposal grasped by Mr Andrews, it being superior to his hopes, and much beyond his expectations; and the important step was taken which raised him from servitude to a master's place.

The vacancy this change occasioned was offered to Mr Henderson, and by him thankfully and gratefully accepted; but his wife, though now raised to the situation which she had long coveted, found it by no means replete with all the advantages she had been accustomed to ascribe to it, and she sighed as she reflected how little probable it was that any legacy would ever bestow on them the happiness which she believed Mrs Andrews to enjoy. Satisfied with his own advanced position, her husband paid little regard to her murmurs, for he was now enabled to procure for his children such additional advantages in education as he considered useful or desirable; and he pursued his daily avocations with increased attention and satisfaction, in spite of the restlessness of his wife, whom he vainly tried to inspire with a like contented spirit, by reminding her of the superior advantages they now enjoyed to those with which they commenced life. A single glance into Mrs Andrews' mind would have rendered his arguments a work of supererogation, and done more to convert his wife to his way of thinking than half a year's lecturing.

Being a woman of quick perception of character and great penetration, poor Mrs Andrews could not, from the first, avoid feeling some degree of mistrust for her husband's partners. Lavish in their own expenditure, indeed indulging in an unbounded profusion, they yet took every possible method of flattering and strengthening the very opposite foible of George Andrews; praising his prudence, envying his strength of mind, and protesting that, if cir-

cumstances allowed it, they would certainly imitate his foresight. These congratulations he received with a triumphant smile, which seemed to speak at once his own self-approval, and his contempt for his weak-minded companions.

Unwilling as she was to judge any one harshly, the wife could not think favourably of those who thus fostered a weakness, or rather a vice, so completely at variance with his best interests and the happiness of all connected with him. She feared the flatterers, though unable to divine their motive; and being now more than ever deprived of her husband's society, she occupied herself solely in directing her household, and giving her children the best education in her power. She imagined that her husband must long ago have realised the sum of ten thousand pounds, which he had asserted would be the extent of his ambition; yet she saw no symptom of relaxation in his avaricious habits, no improvement to herself in her own situation. All was grasping, grinding economy, rendered more bitter by the contrast which her husband's companions exhibited.

But a startling and complete termination was at length put to their trials and sorrows, for it suddenly became known that the two senior partners in the business were fled, taking with them every pound on which they could lay their grasp, and leaving the whole concern in a state of complete ruin. Debts to an enormous amount appeared due on every side, and it was evident that the business had long been on the verge of bankruptcy, which had been only kept off for a brief interval by the capital Andrews had brought them. Of course, though clear of their guilt, he was involved in their ruin, and at one blow the labours of the last six years were destroyed, and the money on which he had set his heart swept away for ever. The legacy, the source alike of pleasure and of pain, was now become as if it had never been; and the vain desires and ardent hopes which had been founded on it had proved vanity of vanities. But it was a happy blow for him: he awoke as from a dream, and with the demolition of his ambitious projects there came other and better plans and feelings. After honestly giving up every farthing he possessed to the creditors, he looked around for employment to provide bread for his family; nor did he seek in vain. A situation was once more offered him in Mr Walker's house, and here he began the world again as at the first.

'Well,' said Mr Henderson to his wife, 'I agree with you in thinking Andrews a very fortunate man. It is true that he has lost the legacy, but he has gained a lesson which he will probably never forget. And when I see him now so quietly pursuing his business, and his wife with a contented, or rather a happy look, I must class him among the most fortunate men of my acquaintance.'

THE ATLAS WORKS.

As the visitor bends his way down Oxford Road in that great industrial hive, Manchester, into which are concentrated more and more astonishing mechanical ingenuities than are to be found in any other place probably in the whole world, the clatter of a hundred hammers heard afar off will inform him that he is approaching the Atlas Works. An immense building, ~~two~~ ^{three} storeys high, situated at the corner of a street, and ~~extending~~ ^{projecting} as far as the eye can penetrate in one direction, and several hundred feet in the other, is discovered to be the source of this deafening uproar; and if the eye is directed upwards, it will catch the title of the place in bold letters—thus, THE ATLAS WORKS. What is the cause of this uproarious din, and what the nature of these extensive works? The Atlas Works are one of the largest locomotive-engine manufactories in the world; and their hundreds of simultaneously-acting hands and hammers keep the whole neighbourhood for some distance around in a state of ceaseless clatter from six in the morning often until late in the evening. Suppose, reader, while you accompany us, that both your ears are filled with a concentration of grinding, clashing, clanking, screeching, and roaring sounds, to which

the low but thrilling hum of the blast-furnace forms a bass, and you may then in some measure realise the actual condition of this tumultuous but most interesting establishment.

The proper permission being obtained, we were accompanied by a clear-headed workman, to whom the office of *cicerone* to the wonders of this temple of Vulcan was no novelty; and we are bound to add, a more intelligent and interesting companion, high or humble, we have seldom encountered. We were first shown into the 'fitting-up' room, which is on the ground-floor in one of the wings of the building. It is a lofty room, from 150 to 200 feet long, illuminated by a great number of windows. It is divided into three sections by two rows of strong pillars which support the ceiling. The work-benches are arranged along the sides, and the 'fitting-up' takes place in the central division of the room. On entering, we were almost overpowered by the awful noise of the place; the intensity of which, added to the appearance of confusion, of whirling drums, straps, pulleys, lathes, and other engines of terrible appearance, oppressed the senses in a manner which it is not possible to describe. The objects which most attracted our attention were *eleven* large locomotives in all stages of development. Here was one of these iron monsters without its chimney; another without its fireplace; another had a man inside it hammering with all his might; another was having its pistons put in; to another the side plates were being screwed on; another was being set on its legs—wheels, we should say; another was being painted, and receiving its christening, the 'Fire-King,' the 'Blazer,' and such-like; and finally, a huge crane had taken up another in its strong embrace, lifting it bodily upwards, and depositing it on a strong carriage; the gates were thrown open, the team put up to the collar, and the wonderful machine sent to do its civilising, space-annulling work in the busy world outside. Yet once more, large packing-cases at the end of the room were filled with the dismembered bodies of others, with a foreign address, and surmounted by the characteristic, short, and sturdy chimney of these machines. These were for exportation—the locomotives for home use being sent out in the complete state. To those whose avocation or whose pleasure calls them to study the fabrication of the locomotive, an hour spent in this room would do more to their enlightenment than six times the time consumed in the study or in the lecture-room. Every portion of the apparently complicated, but really simple and beautiful mechanism, is seen in every stage of completeness; and a more interesting spectacle can scarcely be witnessed than that of the collocation and combination of a number of different mechanical members, all prepared and finished in other, and oftentimes far-distant, portions of the building. Eight or ten of the massive pillars supporting the ceiling are also powerful cranes, and are generally to be seen dandling sometimes the trunk, sometimes the unwieldy limbs, and sometimes the whole body, of this the most majestic of the iron offspring of the nineteenth century.

Having exhausted the wonders of the fitting-up room, we were led to another of equal size, but less lofty, over it. The noise which continues to assail our ears, and with which, unfortunately, we cannot part company until we depart from the building, here loses its clanking element, and becomes of a higher pitch, something between a grind and a screech. It is hence sufficiently indicative of the turning and filing operations carried on here. The finer portions of the locomotive are here formed. Here we saw whistles in all their stages, up to the perfect instrument, whose unearthly yell startles our green fields all over the country day and night. Here were also different pieces of valve-work, now lying inactive, but soon to take a part in the active duties of engine-life, for which they are preparing. Here also were men busy at work turning, grinding, and finishing the numerous stop-cocks requisite for the machine, the nicety of whose work-

manship necessary to endure the enormous pressure to which it is subjected may well excite admiration. The centre of this apartment was not occupied by machines, but by different pieces of the mechanism, all completed and piled up with great accuracy. Here were piles of pistons beautifully smoothed and ground, near them were axles and piston-rods, brass 'bushes,' massive springs, buffers, union-joints, and a variety of other things 'too numerous to mention.' Along the three sides of the room were arranged such an assemblage of small and great lathes, vices, tools, &c. as can scarcely be conceived. The moving power to all these was obtained from shafts, on which a multitude of pulleys were fixed, placed near the ceiling.

After walking round the room, and inspecting the work in every condition, from the raw metal, if we may use the term, up to the finished mechanism, we were conducted into another apartment still higher in the same wing. Here a scene somewhat resembling the last presented itself; only, if possible, it was a trifle more busy, and, by consequence, more uproarious also. The central portion of it was filled with a number of singular machines for drilling, while the sides were, as usual, lined with their full complement of turning apparatus. Two machines in this room call for special notice. One class of them is the drilling, and the other a most ingenious machine called the 'polygon,' from its office in cutting the heads of polygon-screws. The drilling-engine is a very different invention from the ordinary lathe, which is only fit for drilling small work: circumstances here call for the exercise of far more power and accuracy than can be attained in that way. It consists of a tall upright iron frame, at the back and upper part of which are the fast and loose pulleys by which the moving parts are thrown in and out of gear. The fast pulley actuates a set of wheels, which communicate a revolving motion to a spindle placed in a perpendicular manner a little distance above an iron table on which the work to be drilled is placed. At the bottom of this spindle is a socket, into which the drill is fixed. Now, suppose the hole is to be made; by pulling a handle, the strap flies on to the fast pulley, and sets all the wheels in motion, and through them the revolving spindle into which the drill has been placed; the piece of metal is laid flat on the iron shelf, and by a handle or a foot-treadle, the workman causes the spindle to descend, carrying the drill with it, until it touches the metal to be perforated, and continues pulling the handle, and so more and more depressing the drill, until the hole is made right through. The speed and accuracy with which this operation is effected are admirable, and the exertion to the workman is very trifling. The 'polygon' machine is a little more complicated. Its intention is to cut with perfect accuracy the heads of large screws into a polygonal form, so as to give them both neatness of appearance and a hold for the key by which they are screwed or unscrewed. By an ingenious arrangement, it can be made to cut any number of faces on the screw-head that may be desired, and it performs its work with the most strict and unerring fidelity. The machines are generally double, so as to cut two screw-heads at one time. The piece of rough metal being placed in its proper position, is brought by the gradual movements of the machine under the teeth of a rotatory cutter revolving on a horizontal axis, a little conduit drops soft soap and water to lubricate the parts, both move slowly on until the entire face or side has been cut smooth, and then, by an automatic process, the machine throws itself out of gear, and stops until the attendant turns the head so as to present another side to the cutter, and the process is again repeated. There are a variety of ingenious details connected with the motions of the different parts of this machine, but we do not consider them of sufficient general interest to count them worthy of a place here.


We now left this wing of the building, and following our patient conductor, were shown into another and longer part of the establishment. A small room, parti-

tioned off from the larger one, of which it formed a part, contained another of the beautiful mechanical ingenuities for which this firm has long been conspicuous, invented by Mr Roberts. It is a machine for cutting out cog-wheels. It consisted of a rectangular frame of iron, a central position in which was occupied by a revolving cutting instrument acting upon a piece of circular iron, which it cut into teeth of a certain depth and size. By means of a regulating scale, on which the numbers of teeth in a wheel were provided for up to a very high pitch, it was easy to cut a cog-wheel of wrought-iron of any kind the attendant desired. Most of the pattern-cogs are cut by this machine, from which castings may be multiplied indefinitely. There were two of these beautiful pieces of mechanism in this room; which, we may mention, but few persons are permitted to enter. Re-entering the large room, a more confusing scene than any presents itself in the apparently-innumerable shafts and straps which are seen flying with the utmost swiftness in every direction. In addition to the manufacture of different portions of the locomotive machinery which is carried on here, a large number of power-looms are made also, and are to be seen in all stages of progress: many were, at the period of our visit, ready for use. We were also shown several machines, somewhat on the principle of the 'polygon,' called 'shaping' machines, the object of which was a sort of machine-filing process. The turning-shop is on the floor beneath, and here much time might, if we had it to spare, be profitably spent. A great number of the most powerful and beautiful lathes we have ever beheld are here stationed, and all were in full work, some at great speed, others at the slower rate which is necessary in turning heavy pieces of metal. Many of these lathes were from 15 to 22 feet in length, and they were almost all self-acting. The turner placed his work between the two centres, adjusted his cutting-instrument in the slide apparatus, set the machine in motion, and all he had further to do was to clear away the turnings, and to watch the engine until its allotted task was all faithfully performed. Any of our readers who have ever made a plaything of a lathe, and all who are called to labour at one, are aware of the difficulty of turning a rod two feet in length, and of no great thickness, in consequence of its elasticity causing it to jump out of the centres. What, then, would be their dismay if commanded to turn with perfect accuracy a rod 20 feet long and only 1 inch thick? By manual skill it could not be done. But we may see here machines doing it without an effort; and out of a rough bar of iron of that length and diameter, turning off a polished rod so truly, that when it revolves, its motion cannot be seen, and doing so with the very smallest attention from a man under whose care the strong automate is placed. In this room also were a number of screw-cutting lathes, capable of cutting screws of every size of thread, from an almost hair-like fineness to the coarsest kinds.

We had now done with the more delicate processes connected with this manufacture, and were led to a series of displays of stupendous power, such as, we suppose, could scarcely be witnessed elsewhere. It is but rarely that lathes of such power as those we left in the last room are seen; an idea, then, of the greatness of those we now saw may be formed when the comparison was the giant and the child. At one side, a huge lathe was dealing in a slow but awful manner with a rough but helpless customer, in the shape of a great double crank, shaving off its sides as easily as if it were cutting bread and butter, and with a horrid crunching sound, which made our blood run cold! At another, a driving-wheel, perhaps 6, or even 8 feet in diameter, was being turned, the ground trembling as thick shavings of iron were rent off its massive rim. And another wheel was in the ruthless hands of a giant drilling-machine, which made no sort of difficulty of piercing it through and through the rim for riveting. Surely the giants of ancient fable and of nursery history, who tore up men into little bits, and ate them afterwards, were

only infants compared with these iron giants; and we are to see more of the brood before we have parted company!

The next place we entered was the 'grind-shop.' The scene is curious enough. All down the room, on the ground, is a long line of grindstones, of all sorts, and of many different kinds, some very large, and others of ordinary dimensions; but all revolving with great rapidity: and when a number of men are at work repairing tools, what with showers of sparks, and the strangeness of the sight, it forms an exhibition by no means the least attractive. Many of the stones are for polishing brass work, particularly the beautiful brazen cupolas which adorn the top of the locomotive, and which it would be both costly and difficult to polish in the ordinary ways. Altogether, the room struck us as a capital subject for an illustration, there being sufficient mechanism to give life to the picture, and the simplicity thereof interpreting itself at once to the mind of the spectator.

The increasing loudness of the hum of the blast-furnace told us we were now approaching the foundry, which is a separate building; by its side is one of the engine-rooms, whose office it is to drive the fan of the wind-furnace, and to do other duties connected with this department. Entering the foundry, the heat emitted by the furnace, out of whose vent-holes flames of living fire leapt, and now and then molten sparks of iron, and the rushing currents of air in its proximity, made us glad to get deeper into its interior. Here we saw a very interesting process going on—the manufacture of the massive iron wheels which support and drive the locomotive and its tender. We are persuaded that few persons are aware of the different steps concerned in what may appear a very simple operation, and that the general opinion probably is, that the wheel is cast in a mould, turned, and fitted with its bearings: and it is true inferior wheels are thus made. But when the heavy and continual strainings, and these frequently of a concussive nature, which the wheels of the locomotive have to bear, are taken into consideration, it will be manifest to those who know the brittleness and non-elasticity of cast-iron, that wheels so formed would be in continual danger of fracture. To obviate this, and to give the wheel all the rigidity of cast-iron, with all the toughness and accommodative spirit of wrought-iron, the wheel, curious to state, is a compound of both. The boss or central part is of cast-iron, the spokes and rims are of wrought-iron. We believe we can easily make this intelligible; and to do so, shall describe the work as we saw it carried on before our eyes. The proper mould being made in the sand, it is found to consist of a large hollow space in the middle, from which a number of radii diverge; and this is all: there is no provision for a rim. The founder then receives from a bystander a number of pieces of wrought-iron of the exact shape of a T, only that the top of the T is a section of a curve, and not straight, and the bottom or tail is trifurcated and jagged. He then lays the shank of the T-pieces in the hollow radii, in such a manner that the jagged tails project some way into the hollow centre of the mould, while the tops of the T's lying nearly in mutual apposition form a sort of broken rim to the wheel. The melted metal is then conveyed and poured into the central hollow: almost as liquid as water, it flows around, and fills it up, covering at the same time the projecting ends of the T-pieces, which in this simple manner become immovably imbedded in the central boss, rendering the mass of many pieces quite as solid, and far more durable, than if every portion of it had been cast at once in a continuous stream. In consequence of the expansion of the metal during this process, by the heat of the cast-iron, the tops of the T-pieces are notched at each end on both sides, so as to resemble two horizontal V's—thus . These notches must next be filled up, and the wheel is therefore conveyed to the smithy, where the pieces are welded in, and where we shall overtake it presently.

One of the great 'lions' of the Atlas Works was yet to come, the sight of which the stranger will find enough to repay him for the visit if it were the only sight to be seen: this is the punching and clipping-machine rooms. We can never forget the impression produced on our minds by one of these immensely-powerful engines—a tremendous iron guillotine, the descending knife of which dealt as coolly with the thickest iron sheets as a lady's scissors with a piece of cambric. There was no flinching of the ponderous iron arm which held the knife as it came in contact with the stubborn metal, no retardation of its motion while cutting, and no acceleration when liberated: it majestically rose again ready for another slice! At the time we saw it, it was cutting out the T-pieces for the wheels. The engine was performing perhaps about fifteen strokes a minute. As we felt, in imagination at least, the solid ground sink at each descent of that fearful hand and arm, we thought what solidity of construction, what rigidity of material elements, can long resist such a force as that! However, the machine goes on from year to year, doing daily, without a degree of over-exertion, what the unassisted efforts of a thousand men could scarcely accomplish in a week. There were two or three such engines in the building, which cut out the plates for the boilers, the sheets of copper for the fireplace, called technically the 'mid-feather,' and intended to preserve the sides of the furnace from the oxidating effects of the heated air. The punching machines were similar exhibitions of skill and might, and were constructed on nearly similar general principles. A number of thick plates of sheet-iron lay at the side of the building, marked at regular intervals with round white spots in the places proper for the holes. Two or three men guided these under the descending punch, fixed in the huge head of a colossal lever: the punch comes down, and with as much facility as we should poke our fingers through a piece of blotting-paper, thrusts itself through the strong metallic sheet. We had the curiosity to take one of the punched-out pieces home, and it now lies before us, a memorial of an amazing exercise of physical power. Although of no great size, this punched-out piece weighs nearly an ounce and a-half, from which the thickness of the sheet may be judged of.

The planing-room was the next object of our inspection. Some magnificent self-acting iron planing-machines were here at work. One of them was about eight or ten feet broad, and probably twenty feet long. A large piece of metal is placed on the horizontal bed of these machines, the cutting tool is then drawn by the action of machinery across its surface, removing whatever thickness of metal is considered advisable. When it has cut down the length of the piece, the cutting tool is lifted up, and the whole dragged rapidly back, when the tool falls into its place again, and again removes, in long ribbons of great thickness and burning heat, a fresh portion of the metal. When once set in motion, it continues in action, without requiring more than occasional attention, until the whole face exposed to the energies of the tool is planed. In the same place also we witnessed the formation of that massive and prime-moving portion of the locomotive—the double crank. It will surprise many of our readers to learn that this admirable piece of mechanism is forged in one solid piece, looking like a great rod, with a couple of square lumps of iron set on it in different relative positions. This unwieldy mass is taken, centered, and turned, the square lumps being left untouched. It is then taken to yet another iron colossus called a 'chiselling engine': it is placed upon a flat bed, and the square lumps being placed under a powerful descending chisel urged by machinery, and slicing out great lumps of metal, they at length assume the elbowed appearance proper to a crank, return again to the lathes, and afterwards are finished *secundum artem*. Also in the same place the cylinders of the steam-engines are turned, and bored perfectly true and smooth in the inside. The

mechanism which effects this is also automatic, and it is a singular sight to see the deliberate but accurate way in which the machines perform their work.

We now crossed the road to that part of these immense premises where the 'tenders' are made, for this is a distinct branch from the locomotive department; and the renewal of the clatter which greeted us on our first entrance into this wonderful place made us almost regret our curiosity. They were in a large building, in a variety of different conditions—some more, and some less advanced; and numbers of workmen were busy rivetting, screwing, and fitting their parts together, and in various other ways finishing them off, down to the last coat of varnish with which the green backs and sides of some were being made to shine.—To this succeeded the smithy, and here we found the wheels just brought over from the foundry. The Cyclopes might have been terrible fellows in their rough way, but even they would look with the concentrated amazement of their single orbs at the mighty men of strength labouring with the sledge-hammer here. The rim of the wheel having been formed out of a piece of iron, which is beat into a circular form around a circular iron table, is heated red-hot, and is then fastened on to the wheel. Holes are then drilled through the rim, and by means of red-hot bolts the loose rim is firmly fixed to the other, so as not to be disturbed by any future amount of work.—The last place was the boiler-house; but as we had had by this time enough of clanking and clattering, we very gladly gave up the pain of seeing that part of locomotive manufacture, being well convinced that it contained no elements of sufficient interest to counteract the climax of noise which is attained in that building. The last thing we were shown was the 'trying-place,' where, when the locomotive is completed, the steam is got up; and its driving-wheels, resting upon a couple of loose pulleys, communicate no motion to the machine, so that the mechanism has free play, and any imperfections can be properly corrected before it leaves the establishment.

A few general remarks must conclude our article. Messrs Sharp, Brothers, are the proprietors of this important and extensive manufactory. They employ from 1200 to 1500 mechanics, at wages ranging from L.1 up to L.5 a week. In 1847, we are informed, they made and sent out *eighty-seven* locomotives; but the average number is six in each month, and orders are now on hand which it will take until 1850 to execute. We were unable to obtain an estimate of the number of tons of iron and copper consumed annually; but from the above data, it will be manifest that it is something very large indeed. The governing principles are necessarily stringent, and are contained in a code of laws or rules forty-five in number, with a scale of fines attached to indicate the penalty of a disregard. At the same time, since these rules are many of them framed for what is the real benefit of the men mutually, since the general treatment of them is generous, the rate of payment high, a spirit of universal satisfaction appears to reign, and a finer or more muscular army of men than these swarthy mechanics, with their strong limbs and firm gait, it would be hard to select. One circumstance must be particularly remarked, since it harmonises much with a widespread feeling in which we share—that is, that no money is allowed to be taken by the men who are commissioned to show the wonders of the place. As such money is invariably held sacred to the beer-shop, it has been rightly prohibited; and notices to visitors are placed in different parts of the works, intreating them, if they feel disposed to make a present of money, to devote it to the sick-fund, the box of which is kept in the office; and the result is, that you are politely and civilly treated, without any money-hunting servility, by your working companion, and that the sick-fund is largely assisted by this resource. Altogether, few places of greater interest can be selected than the Atlas Works, particularly in a railway age; and as far as it is proper for man to triumph in the wonders his own hands have accom-

plished—which, however admirable, endure not a moment's comparison with the least of the works of His hands that made him—the visit will excite triumph and wonder of no ordinary kind.

MADAME RÉCAMIER.

Among the celebrities which have been swept away by the recent visitation of cholera in Paris, is a lady who, by the happy peculiarity of her position and character, has, during the last half century, enjoyed a European reputation of no unenviable sort.

Adelaide-Juliette Bernard, the daughter of M. Bernard, administrator of posts, was born at Lyons the 3d December 1777. She was endowed by nature with remarkable beauty and talents, and at the early age of sixteen became the wife of M. Récamier, a banker, who, in a time of general bankruptcy, had the good fortune to acquire immense riches: it was in the year of Terror—1793. She might doubtless have met with a more brilliant partner, but could not have found a more solid guide. He was a man who, by his age and good sense, no less than by his wealth, had acquired importance in the world. He not only loved, but also respected his wife; and by his prudent care, protected her from those impertinent admirers who are wont to flock around the young and beautiful mistress of a Parisian mansion. The purity of heart and purpose which distinguished Madame Récamier at a time of unbounded license were all her own, but to her husband perhaps it was chiefly owing that the whisper of slander was never breathed against her. No sooner were they established in their magnificent hotel in the Rue du Mail, than he had the good taste to surround her with all that was most distinguished and excellent in the Parisian society of that day. Thus she became so habituated to the conversation of superior people, that the idle fooleries of fops and coquettes became utterly distasteful to her. Not, however, that she was insensible to the charm of those pleasures which are suited to the freshness and buoyancy of youth, for she danced with the most refined grace; and her performance of the 'shawl dance,' which was at that time the rage, was so exquisite, as to justify the observation of the witty Chevalier de Boufflers, that 'no one had ever before danced so beautifully with their arms.' The fastidious Madame de Staël also speaks in the same strain in one of her notes to 'Corinne,' saying, 'It was Madame Récamier's dancing which gave me the idea of that art which I have here attempted to depict.'

But it was not Madame Récamier's grace and beauty alone which won for her the hearts of all those who came within the range of her influence. She possessed a very superior mind, which showed itself not in eloquent phrases or in caustic repartees, but in the far rarer faculty of appreciating the peculiar and distinctive excellencies of those who were about her. She never seemed desirous to shine herself, but had the happy art of setting others at ease with themselves, by making them appear to the best advantage. No one knew so well how to seize the bearing of any popular topic, and to draw out the opinion of those who were most capable of speaking about it; no one possessed more of that philosophic and Christian charity which understands how to pardon, because it can estimate alike the strength of temptation and the bitterness of repentance. She had perhaps learned this fulness of compassion after the days of the Terror, when her saloon became thronged with the tyrants as well as sufferers of the Revolution, who seemed to forget alike their wrongs and their cruelties in the softening atmosphere of her presence. There one might see engaged in conversation Joseph Chénier and Matthieu de Montmorency, Roederer and Talleyrand, La Harpe and the Vicomte de Ségur.

'To understand all would be to pity and to pardon all!' Madame Récamier daily put in practice this generous axiom of one of her best friends.

'It was during their *demagoguery*,' she was wont to say of the *ci-devant* Jacobins. And she treated them as invalids just recovering from a fever. At a period of political and passionate excitement, the influence of such women is perhaps scarcely less valuable to a community than are the services of able and intelligent men. The Parisian world, just escaped from revolutionary horrors, had begun to long for the gentler excitements of gaiety and pleasure, when Madame Récamier arose upon it as a star of consolation and hope. Even those whose position or prejudices excluded them from her magic circle, were ready to express their admiration of one who knew so well how to restore its tone to society at a moment of such universal disorganisation, and who could conciliate adverse parties at a time when hatred and vengeance still rankled within the hearts of men.

The aged Marquise de Créquy, who had passed her life among princes, writes in the closing volume of her memoirs—'This house of Madame Récamier is the Hôtel de Luxembourg, or the Hôtel de Créquy of the present time. I am told that this elegant young woman has the most polished and agreeable society at her house, and that she represses as far as possible the sarcastic witticisms of those who are disposed to ridicule some conceited *parvenus* who have gained access to her circle.' The only subject which was excluded from Madame Récamier's parties was the perilous one of politics. The Marquise de Créquy relates an anecdote illustrative of this prohibition:—'A certain Corsican named Sebastiani, who claimed relationship with Bonaparte, exclaimed aloud one evening at Madame Récamier's, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, "The First Consul has the most superb hands I have ever beheld!"

"Ah, commandant," observed the lady of the house to him, smiling, "let us not talk politics: you know what are our conventions here."

With such rare attractions, and so many excellencies, it may readily be supposed that Madame Récamier became the object of universal respect and admiration. She was, as a writer of that day observes, 'alike adored by the prince and the artist, the hero and the conscript, the magistrate and the *vaudevilleur*.' No voice was ever raised against her save that of envy. During her earlier life, some of her rivals were wont to aver that she was as silly as she was beautiful. Madame Sophie Gay, a talented friend of hers, having alluded once in a large circle to her quickness of observation, and to the gentle playfulness of her wit, some of the company stared, others smiled sarcastically. M. Benjamin Constant, after observing what passed before him, said, 'I find so much pleasure in seeing her every day, that it has never once entered into my head to listen to her: henceforward I will think about it.' From that day forth this able and intelligent man cultivated her society with the greatest assiduity.

A reputed wit finding himself seated at table one day between Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël, said in a tone of complacency, as if he meant to flatter them both—'It is the first time in my life that I have had the honour of being seated between wit and beauty.' This pretended compliment was in fact a two-edged epigram; for, when closely examined, it plainly meant that Madame Récamier was a fool, and Madame de Staël a fright. The latter felt the double point, and disconcerted the wit by replying promptly—'And I, for the first time in my life, have had the honour of being called beautiful.' It was impossible to offer a more delicate, and at the same time a more decided compliment to the wit of Madame Récamier.

As for her domestic character, it is thus spoken of by Kotzebue, the caustic German moralist:—'Amid the incessant whirl of Paris, she fulfils all her duties in the most exemplary manner: she may be cited as a model for wives; and when the happiness of her friends is concerned, she devotes herself to them with the most unwearied assiduity. There is no great merit,' he continues, 'in giving money when one is rich, or even in giving liberally; but it is the *mode* of giving which constitutes

generosity: and in this respect, especially, I have always admired Madame Récamier. I shall never forget one day, when I found her alone with a young girl, who was deaf and dumb, and who for some time past had been supported in the country at her expense. She had procured for her a place in the excellent institution for the deaf and dumb, and was about to bring her herself to the Abbé Sicard. Previous to her removal to the asylum, the poor child had been brought to Madame Récamier's house, and dressed in a nice suit of new clothes. She was at that moment breakfasting on a marble table, placed before a large mirror, in which she had the pleasure of contemplating herself from head to foot in her new and becoming dress. Was there not a refinement of goodness in the enjoyment thus afforded to a being who, having been deprived of two of her senses, only the more intensely used those which were left to her? The emotion of the charming benefactress as she beheld the joy of her *protégée*, the tears which glistened in her fine eyes as she kissed her forehead, the maternal tenderness with which she urged her to eat what she liked, and filled her pockets with many little delicacies which had been left, the inarticulate thanks of the child, expressed by a sort of cry which touched my heart—all that has remained, and ever will remain, deeply engraven on my memory.*

Misfortune reached her amid all the fulness of her prosperity; but it could not cast her down, or ruffle the calmness of her temper. The immense losses sustained by her husband deprived Madame Récamier of her magnificent mansion and numerous retinue; but the crown which had been placed upon her brow by the united voice of love and respect, lost none of its brilliancy in this hour of trial. She who had heretofore delighted in munificence, now devoted herself to deeds of friendship and kindness. Madame de Staël was one of the first who at this period received the strongest proof of her unselfish attachment. Exiled to Coppet by the inexorable pride of Napoleon, she was dwelling there in a state of loneliness and ennui. But let us hear her speak for herself:—"While I was in this condition, a letter reaches me from Madame Récamier—from that lovely woman, who had received the homage of all Europe, and yet who never has neglected an unfortunate friend. . . . I tremble lest she should suffer the same fate as M. de Montmorency. I sent off a courier to meet her, and to intreat that she might not come to Coppet. . . . She would not yield to my prayer; . . . and it was with many tears I welcomed the arrival of one whom heretofore I had received only with joy. She left me the next day; but the fatal sentence of exile had already gone forth, and she found herself banished from home and from her friends, and passed many months in a little country town, condemned to a life of solitude and monotony. This is what I cost the most brilliant person of her day."

Having been informed of Madame Récamier's intention, Fouché, the minister of police, warned her not to carry it into execution. He even told her that it was very probable she might not only be exiled, like her friend, but seized upon the threshold of Madame de Staël's residence.

"What matters it to the Emperor," replied this noble young woman; "what matters it to him, who is the master of the world, whether I be at Paris or at Coppet? Heroes have often been so weak as to adore my sex; he would be the first who had the weakness to fear it! And so she resolutely set out, and was, as we have seen, quickly followed by a sentence of proscription.

Fortune, which had recently abandoned her in her native land, came in quest of her on a foreign soil. She who heretofore had only been the queen of grace and beauty, might have won a princely crown, if she would have consented to avail herself of the law of divorce; but the principle of duty by which her whole life had been guided, sufficed to retain her in her modest

and untitled position. It is true that on her return to Paris at the Restoration (in 1814), she found that her ancient sceptre had lost none of its magic power; and although her youth and early charms had passed away, and there was less of animation and brilliancy in her character, yet her saloon was more crowded than ever with eminent and remarkable persons. Ambassadors, princes, heroes, sought for an introduction there as soon as they had been presented at court, and sometimes even before.

We might give one or two authentic anecdotes on this head connected with the mightiest sovereigns of Europe, but it may be more interesting to Englishmen to know that our own 'Iron Duke' was so softened into gallantry by the gentle influence of Madame Récamier's society, as to address to her the following note, at the period when the Allies were in Paris:—

* PARIS, January 13.

I confess, madam, that I do not much regret that business will prevent me calling on you after dinner, inasmuch as every time I see you I leave you more penetrated with your charms, and less disposed to give my attention to politics. I will call on you, however, to-morrow morning, on my return from the Abbé Sicard's, and hope to meet you at home, notwithstanding the effect which these dangerous visits produce on me.

WELLINGTON.*

As years rolled on, the circles at the Abbaye-aux-Bois became less numerous, but not less distinguished. All that was greatest and best among the old and new régimes of France met together in Madame Récamier's saloon. There MM. Guizot and Salvandy paid their respects to M. de Chateaubriand; there the philosophic Cousin and the democratic Tocqueville conversed with the Quixotic champion of Rome, M. de Montalembert; there Mademoiselle Rachael received the honours due to her as the greatest dramatic artist of the day. Now and then some work of charity or beneficence would claim the exercise of Madame Récamier's influence, and a musical or literary fête got up under her auspices was always so popular, and the tickets of admission to it were sought for so eagerly, that on the following day gold flowed in abundantly to the cheerless homes of the indigent or the suffering. Another time it was the début of a poet or a composer who submitted his works to the illustrious tribunal of the Abbaye. It is now scarcely four or five years since some fragments of an opera, entitled 'Cymodocée,' were sung at Madame Récamier's by Viardot-Garcia, Gardoni, &c.; while the aged Chateaubriand, having been led in by his faithful valet Louiset, presided at the entertainment, and applauded by look and gesture this artistic realisation of his ideal and long-cherished heroine.

But the most interesting, if not the most brilliant, soirées at the Abbaye-aux-Bois were those in which the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe' (that remarkable piece of autobiography in which Chateaubriand has noted down his inmost thoughts, as well as all the incidents of his life) were read aloud to a select circle of the most eminent literary men and women of the Parisian world. Among them it suffices us to name Augustin Thierry, he who, in his hours of suffering and blindness, has imparted a vivid light to many a darkened page of French history, and has also traced out the early annals of our own country.

'The recital of these noble misfortunes,' writes one of the usual listeners on such occasions, 'gave the statesman food for reflection, made the poet sigh, and drew many a tear from the ladies who were present. One seemed to be swayed, while listening to them, by the

* We are indebted for this note to M. Langlais, who, while pleading recently before the civil tribunal at Paris in behalf of the 'Presse' (in whose columns the editor desires to publish the letters of Benjamin Constant to Madame Récamier), read aloud, from an unpublished volume of Chateaubriand's Memoirs, the duke's note, as a 'specimen of British gallantry.'

* Ten Years of Exile. By Madame de Staël.

last accents of a prophetic voice, and our deepest emotions were awakened by those confessions of an inspiring genius; while at the same time the gentle countenance and sweet smile of the lady of the house transported us to those earlier days of her life when all hearts were captivated by her grace and beauty. We seemed to read in the soft and winning look of Madame Récamier the annals of her innocent and charming coquetry, and in the lofty glance of M. de Châteaubriand the secret of that mighty influence which he had exercised upon the age in which he lived. And now, at the years when we too often become careless about the opinions and enjoyments of others, these remarkable persons, who were united in the closest and happiest bond of friendship, were not only unceasing in their endeavours to please each other, but also, by the amiable spirituality of their conversation, shed a charm around them which rendered their society attractive even to the youngest and gayest of their acquaintance.

Many years ago Madame Récamier had lost her sight, and yet she always kept herself *au courant* of what was passing in the literary world of Europe. Frequently the noblest ladies at court would be found seated at her feet, and reading aloud to her some popular work of the day. 'I can no longer see, but my friends see for me,' would she say at such times with her own inimitable smile.

She had submitted to one unsuccessful operation by the celebrated oculist M. Blandin. It was expected that a second attempt would be more fortunate; but knowing that it must be attended with some danger, the friend of Châteaubriand hesitated about its performance, being unwilling to abridge his days, not her own: so she resigned herself to the endurance of prolonged blindness, that she might be able the more surely to tend his declining days, and to close his eyes at last. No sooner was Châteaubriand dead, than Madame Récamier placed herself once more in the hands of the operator. M. Tonnellet of Tours removed the cataract, and restored to her some rays of light. Alas! it was but to behold the scenes of tumult and carnage which took place in Paris during the Revolution of February 1848. On the 11th of May, present year, she expired, after a few hours of intense suffering, from an attack of Asiatic cholera. 'Ah, my God! this is a long agony!' were the only words of complaint that escaped her lips.

Men of all parties gathered around her mortal remains as they were being borne to their last resting-place in the church of Les Petites-Pères in Paris. There did many a political enemy meet in peace: the Duc de Noailles and M. David (of Angers); MM. de Montalembert and de Falloux, with MM. Cousin and Villain; MM. Ampère, de Kératry, de Jussieu, de Loménie. The church was crowded from the portal to the altar.

Madame Sophie Gay has only been the faithful interpreter of this friendly escort, when she wrote ten days afterwards in the 'Presse':—'Now is shut up this last French saloon, opened under the Directory, continued in spite of revolutions, misfortunes, and even exile itself! Now is silent that voice so sweet and gentle, which has so often conciliated adverse parties, consoled the afflicted, and preached indulgence to the prosperous! Now is closed for ever this asylum, so long open to superior people of all countries, to the persecuted of all governments, to the victims of all rivalities, to the heroes of all nations! We may judge, from the utter impossibility there would be of creating a similar edifice to-day, of the severe loss which has been suffered by society in the death of Madame Récamier.'

It is somewhat singular that she who all her lifetime was eminently a promoter of peace, has immediately, after her death, become the object of public disputation. The civil tribunal of Paris has recently been employed in hearing the pleading of M. Langlais in behalf of the 'Presse,' in whose columns the editor desires to publish Madame Récamier's correspondence with Benjamin

Constant, which had been committed to him by her friend Madame Collet, and to which publication some of her relations are strongly opposed, as they consider it a breach of confidence to insert the letters in the *feuilleton* of a newspaper. It has not yet been decided whether this accomplished lady's letters are to be enjoyed in friendly privacy, or whether they shall be communicated to the world at large. If publicity be their fate, they will doubtless prove a welcome appendix to Châteaubriand's 'Mémoires d'Outre Tombe,' one of whose yet unpublished volumes is, we understand, especially devoted to Madame Récamier.

MEMPHIS AND SAKKARAH.

We started one morning from Cairo to visit these celebrated places. I was already familiar with the ground, but it was quite new to the two friends who accompanied me. The rendezvous was for half-past five; but as we had sat up together till after midnight in a sort of colloquial reverie, no one seriously promised to be punctual. Besides, where was the necessity for haste and eagerness? We had an especial pride in not being tourists, and in not imitating the laborious industry of our countrymen, who are to be seen at certain seasons of the year chattering down the narrow streets of Cairo on donkey-back, in rapid transit from one sight to another. Time was before us. If we could not return that day, we could return the next, or the next. True, there were no hotels upon the road, and we might have to burrow in the sand, or creep into a tomb for shelter; but having slept out night after night with a stone for a pillow on the summit of desert ranges, this prospect was anything but terrific.

A couple of donkeys carried our provisions; three or four lads formed our suite. We went by way of Ibrahim Pacha's grounds, through long shady avenues, amidst green plantations, to that straggling but pretty village that stretches along the banks of the Nile, facing the island of Rhoda, as far as the Ghizeh Ferry. It is called Masr el Atikeh, or Old Cairo, and is supposed to represent the site of ancient Babylon—as the above-mentioned tourists, by the by, take care occasionally to tell the world. I remember that we here invested two or three piastres in oranges, and laid in a provision for the whole journey. When we issued from the village—which perhaps ought rather to be called a suburb or a borough, and is by no means a collection of huts, possessing fine mosques and fine houses, with cottages, and gardens, and kiosques—when we issued forth into the open country, and began following the banks of one of the branches of the Nile, we became spectators of a curious scene. A south wind was blowing down the valley, sweeping both the cultivated country and the outlying desert. Clouds of sand filled the air, so that even the Pyramids were sometimes wholly concealed, and sometimes appeared like spectres looming through the charged atmosphere. The ridge of Mokattam, though only a couple of miles at most distant to our left, looked dim and indistinct. It seemed as though that eternal boundary of desolation that hems in the soil of Egypt had been touched by a magic wand, and was dissolving into vapour, and rising aloft on either hand, first to canopy, and then to overwhelm, the cities and the hamlets, the palm-groves and the fields, and to choke up the beneficent river. The sand-storm was felt by us with only mitigated force; but from the parched summits of the embankments, from the surface of the fields, and from the barren islets of the Nile, dense but partial clouds came sweeping along, and now and then filled our throats and eyes with dust. When we came to a place from which we obtained a good view of the course of the river, its appearance presented a curious effect. The waters, still dull and cold in hue beneath the morning sun, were crisped with waves; whilst here and there large banks, or points, or islands of dazzling white sand, were covered, as it were, with a dense driving

smoke, that hung heavily at first to the ground, and then rose whirling aloft into the air.

We were, I believe, a couple of hours in reaching Toura, where there is a ferry. A great concourse of people were crowded on the bank, some having already traversed, others waiting to go over. A post of soldiers close at hand seemed established for police purposes, and a tent erected on the other side we knew to be what we may call the passport office. Poor Egyptians! they cannot go from one village to another without government permission. Paternal government! It desires to inculcate so deeply the duty of loving one's natal spot, that it punishes sometimes with death the agriculturist who quits it, and the citizen who harbours him.

A scene of fierce wrangling took place between our lads and some ferrymen, at least it had the outward appearance of fierceness; but this is always the preliminary of a bargain. Meanwhile we sat down and waited until matters arranged themselves. It is the best method. Give free play to the eccentricities of the people among whom you sojourn or wander; you only waste time by bringing your own eccentricities in contact with theirs. I do not wonder that Pythagoras profited so much by his travels. He understood the blessings of silence. Some travellers think themselves bound to bully 'the natives' wherever they go, after quitting their own shores. How they manage sometimes not to leave their *disjecta membra* on a foreign land I don't know; but this I do know, that there is no more disagreeable concert than half-a-dozen storming Englishmen and a score of blaspheming Arabs.

Our five donkeys were at length put on board one boat, and we embarked in another. A couple of strokes of the oar disentangled us from the little fleet that lay along shore laden with cotton bags, or burrém, or camels, or asses, or men, or women; and the tall three-cornered sail was loosened to the breeze. It is a rare thing to cross the Nile on a windy day without some accident to the tackle, which brings on a frightful chorus of yells from the crew, a rush of two or three half-naked fellows along the gunwale, and the shipping of some painfuls of water. Our passage this time was perfectly tranquil, and we had leisure to peruse the aspect of the broad reach on the surface of which we found ourselves. There was little material for description: the river was sparkling, and broke in busy billows around us; the sky, by this time nearly clear of dust, looked bright and serene; over the bare level bank we were quitting rose by degrees a prospect of the great precipices that border the entrance of the Valley of the Wanderings, and stretch southward to the vast cave-quarries of Massara, and northward to Cairo—the citadel of which, with the stupendous minarets of its new mosque, could now be distinguished but faintly, like every other distant object, on account of the heavy dun cloud of sand that was still travelling slowly along. In front, the view was bounded by an interminable palm-wood; but a little way up the river, in our rear, we could see the white walls of some Turkish villas gleaming along the bank from beneath the massive foliage of a sycamore grove.

We landed near the tent I have mentioned, but were scarcely noticed by the officials to whom it belonged. Our character as Europeans protected on this occasion both ourselves and our boys from the inquisition that is usually exercised. We could see the other passengers bringing forward greasy-looking pieces of paper cyleped *tesherahs*, by authority of which they were allowed to go and dispose of a basket of maize-heads or radishes at the market.

Traversing a stretch of sand left bare by the declining waters, and wading through a small swamp, we reached the bank and the palm-groves. Our way lay southward along a winding embankment, raised about ten feet above the low fields. These embankments serve both to regulate the irrigation and as roads. The whole of this part of the country is inter-

sected with them, and it is impossible to proceed in any direction without their aid. They sometimes run along the sides of canals, sometimes extend like great earthen walls in a serpentine line across the open fields, sometimes traverse the palm-groves. Sluice-gates and bridges here and there occur. I remember passing on a former occasion along this same road, and finding a large gang of *fellahs*—some five or six hundred—employed in renovating an old embankment. The population of several villages had been turned out for the purpose. It was a case of forced labour, and consequently was lazily and carelessly done. Men, boys, and some women, worked listlessly with mattock and basket under the eyes of their taskmasters—Arabs like themselves, but executing the orders of the government—armed with swords as ensigns of authority, and whips as encouragements to industry. I noticed that though they might have served a double purpose of utility by taking the earth from the bottom of a shallow canal, left dry by the receding waters, they actually preferred digging deep useless holes here and there in a field covered with young corn!

Though the wind had in a great measure subsided, we were often troubled with whirling gusts laden with sand; and when the country was open, could see numerous little clouds carried swiftly along the surface of the embankments. In the distance, the dismal desert and the pyramids of Abusir, that occasionally showed themselves to the right, were still partially concealed with a haze. Presently, however, we plunged amidst a vast palm-grove, and had no prospect but of blue patches of sky, green patches of sward, and regular rows of column-like trunks, topped with flapping plume-like branches. We halted to lunch a little after noon, and spent some time taking our ease on the grass. Then remounting, we continued; until a reedy pond, covered with wild-ducks, a stone bridge, and some sluice-gates, warned me that we were approaching the site of Memphis (now Mitrahény). Vast mounds rose on all hands among the palm-trees, evidently the remains of a continuous wall built of unbaked bricks. The bricks were of a very large size, seeming about eighteen inches long by seven or eight deep. I believe no discoveries of importance have been made among these mounds.

Presently a little lake presented itself to our view, shining at the bottom of a gentle slope of sward, which was covered ere it sank into the water by huge blocks of stone, the remains of some ancient building. In some places the groves approach close to the margin; in others there were left clear open spaces of green. The sun was bright, the sky was pure; a series of low undulations, with their outlines for the most part concealed by trees, formed the horizon. The mind seemed purposely confined, and incited to admire the tranquil beauties of this spot—fit scene for an Egyptian pastoral; and no one of the party cared to suppress an exclamation of pleasure. It is curious, however, what a change there was in our feelings—how much more tranquil and matter-of-fact became our enjoyment—when we remembered that this was but the lake of a season, a mere remnant of the annual deluge vouchsafed to Egypt, lingering in a hollow accidentally scooped out. There were here no mysterious depths into which the imagination might dive. We could not even feign to believe that that shining surface concealed any of the secrets of the past. As it was the last summer, so was it destined to become the next—a parched expanse of dust and stubble.

We penetrated through a grove, and skirting the lake, soon came to an expanse of beautifully-green sward—the like of which I never saw in Egypt—from which rose a thinly-planted grove of palms. A large hollow near its commencement contains the colossal statue, called that of Sesostris, which we had come to see. It lay on its face, its pensive brow buried in mud, and part of the features concealed by some still lingering water. We could, however, see the beautifully-chiselled

mouth, with its bare and firmly-compressed lips; and I could not help thinking to what manner of words those lips, if once loosened, would give utterance. I climbed upon the back of this mighty giant, and measured him by stepping from his head to the place where the legs are broken off: I think I remember counting fourteen paces. The outline of a boy is to be seen by the side of the great figure. Various hieroglyphic inscriptions adorn it; but, I suspect, remain silent, in spite of the efforts of the learned to make them speak.

An Arab has constituted himself the guardian of the statue, and knowing the interest felt in it by Europeans, protects it from injury. Some of the tourists have occasionally bestowed a small gratification upon him to encourage him; so that, unless the government take it into their heads to burn the statue for lime, it will probably last a considerable time uninjured. The Arabs call it *Abu-l-Hôn*, and say it is a giant king, turned by God, 'in ancient days and seasons past,' into stone for some great crime. They look upon it as quite natural in a Frank to pay pilgrimages to such relics; for we are universally considered as being on tolerably intimate terms with the Evil One, and therefore likely to feel an interest in the fate of a petrified sinner!

My companions on this my second visit to Memphis were L— and A—, with the former of whom I had lately made an arduous and perilous journey; the latter was comparatively new in the East, and served admirably to keep alive our somewhat blunted powers of observation, by his keen remarks and almost uneasy curiosity: he was a capital fellow-traveller; and I remember once walking through a street in Alexandria with which I was perfectly acquainted, and having my attention drawn by him to fifty different points of curiosity. L— observed fewer things; but I seldom knew him come away from any place without being able, after all the rest of us had had our say, to add some fact which he only had noticed, and some explanation or suggestion that we thought we might have made ourselves, but which, nevertheless, we had not made.

Shall I forget to mention my blackguard donkey-boy and squire? Ah! never was there such an abominable winning-looking rascal. Imagine a thin, ragged, quarter silly, three-quarters cunning, ugly, baboonish young fellow, with long bare legs. This you may do; but you will never be able to imagine the *je ne sais quoi*, the expression, the cheerfulness, which made me make quite a favourite, during three months, of this caricature. He was near twenty years of age, but looked at first much younger. They say he was addicted to smoking *hashish*, which accounted for his wretched, miserable appearance. All his earnings went either in this way or in treating his friends, and he never had a para in his possession. On our expeditions he was always ten times more useful than his respectable-looking companions, understanding the ways and wants of infidels with marvellous alacrity; but he was not much liked by anybody but myself, for he was a sadly impudent dog, and pushed his audacity so far as to bestow and fix irrevocably upon me, his patron, the mysterious nickname of 'Uns!' What this meant, neither he nor anybody else could definitely explain. Perhaps the learned may be more successful.

Having satisfied our curiosity at the site of Memphis, we pushed across the fields to the village of Sakkarah. Earlier in the season, when the waters were out, it was necessary to trace back the road to the stone bridge and sluice-gates I have before mentioned, and follow an immense embankment for miles round, amidst lakes, and swamps, and ponds nestling in the groves, or dotting the rich, moist green fields. Our principal anxiety now was to find a place to establish our headquarters at whilst we explored the environs. Though prepared to lie out in the desert if necessary, we of course preferred the shelter of a roof. On a former occasion we had got the key of the house of a dealer in antiquities named Fernandez, and expected, even with-

out the key, to be admitted for a consideration into a portion of it by the ancient Arab in charge.

The village of Sakkarah is situated on the confines of the cultivated land and the desert, amidst a small palm-grove, ill-protected from the sands by some walls ruined in many places. A very considerable drift had lately taken place, and it had rolled in several places over these little defences, as I have seen it roll over the fortifications of Rosetta. The village is built on a cluster of mounds sufficiently lofty to save it from being immersed during the inundation; for the land around is very low, much lower than near the river itself, and remains marshy and intersected with water-streaks until late in the season. An artist who knows how to choose his point of view might make a good picture of this irregular pile of human dwellings and pigeon-houses, intersected by sundry steep lanes, and surrounded with heaps of rubbish and broken pieces of pottery. A palm-tree here and there grew up, and drooped its pensive branches over the terraced roof of some ambitious abode; for in this place, unlike most Egyptian villages, there were evident marks of a gradation of ranks exhibited in the size and appearance of the houses. This unusual prosperity is attributable to the visits of Europeans and the trade in antiquities.

We went straight to the house of Fernandez, but found it occupied by a Levantine, come out for the sake of his health from Cairo. Knowing nothing of this, we penetrated in triumph into the place, laughing and talking, calling out for old Mohammed, and preparing to install ourselves. A confused buzz of voices from all sides, both threatening and expostulatory, ought, it is true, to have attracted our attention at first; but we were so delighted to reach what we called our headquarters, that the true state of the case was not understood until the new tenant, dressed in European costume, made his appearance, and looked at us in a half-frightened, half-angry manner. We then made our apologies, and beat a retreat.

'Decidedly, A—,' said I, when we got into the street again, 'we shall have to sleep among the tombs.'

A— was perfectly ready to submit with a good grace to what was inevitable, but observing a good many houses on every side, did not see that we had hitherto any cause for despair. L— was of opinion that a cave might be more comfortable than any hut we could expect to have abandoned to us. At any rate we determined to apply to the Sheikh el Beled, and asked to be taken to his divan. We found him burly and big, in his white turban, sitting on a mat on the dusty entrance of a great building furnished with a spacious court. With him were two officers of the pacha's irregular cavalry, respectable Arnauts, in fact, if the two words can be placed in juxtaposition. I approached, saluted, sat down, and stated our case, believing that 'to hear is to obey' would have been about the equivalent of the answer. My application, however, threw the worthy sheik into an astonishing state of perplexity. He looked at me, then at each of my companions, who by this time were also sitting on the ground, then at the Arnauts, and then pulled his beard. After much hesitation, the truth came out. To harbouring us three Franks no objection could be made. We belonged to a privileged class, and were liable to no interference. Not so with our attendants. They had no passports authorising them to be out at Sakkarah, and among them, therefore, might be some runaway from another village. They must be off before nightfall, either on their way back to Cairo, or into the desert, in whatever direction, in fact, they chose; but to stop there, on no account could they be allowed.

To explain this annoying circumstance, I must inform the reader that at all times, under the paternal sway of Mohammed Ali, the greatest possible impediments were thrown in the way of the movements of the population; but at this particular juncture a redoublement of vigilance and vexatious interference had taken place. The principle acted upon was in ordinary seasons to keep as

many men as possible engaged in agricultural labour, and at the same time to pay them so little, or oppress them so heavily with taxes, as to give them a constant tendency to take refuge in the towns, or emigrate altogether from the country. Egypt has for many years suffered from a deficiency of field labour, produced by the immense number of men taken away for the army and for public works, and by the rapid diminution of the people by famine and pestilence, brought about, or aggravated, by misgovernment. In any other country the supply would follow the demand; and where there was want of men, men would go. But no inducement is held out here. The price of labour is unvarying; the taxes are exacted with iron inflexibility, so much from a village, even if the population be decreased. Who will be tempted by the prospect of being able to exist for a few years on the meanest possible diet, under perpetual fear of the stick, and with the knowledge that every man is responsible for the debts of the community to government? If I can't pay, my neighbour must. This is the system. It is no wonder, therefore, that main force is necessary to keep the fellahs attached to the soil. As it is, the cities are full of runaways, whom the police is constantly employed in taking up, and sending back chained and shackled to their villages. I have seen them in strings of fifty at a time thrust on board a large boat, and despatched up the river under good guard.

The increase of vigilance at the particular time of our visit arose partly from the taking of the census, and partly from the absence of the pacha during the illness which ended in the loss of his reason. It was feared that an insurrection might take place if the report got abroad of his death, and it is certain that something of the kind was probable. At anyrate the worthy Sheikh el Beled, after allowing us to guess at, rather than expressing, his reasons, positively at first refused to allow our followers to remain in his village. The worthy Arnauts took our part, represented the favour, and indeed impunity, which Franks enjoyed, and declared that our presence would explain everything, and protect everybody. The sheik, who had the prospect of a bastinado before his eyes, or at anyrate who wanted to heighten the value of his concession, held out for a long time, and explained very forcibly his position. Among other things, he told us that bodies of horse frequently rode up to a village at night, made a cordon round it, kept guard until morning, turned out the people, counted them, and if a single unauthorised stranger was found, seized the sheik, and despatched him to Cairo. A tremendous beating, and two or three years in the galleys, was often the punishment of this offence. The sheik had himself once worked in irons, he told us, for such a peccadillo, and appealed to the Arnaut officers to confirm his statements. They did so, but adhered to the opinion that he ought to harbour us Franks; and added, that if we were turned out into the desert, and came to harm among the Bedouins, the sheik would certainly suffer for his inhospitality.

This consideration, and the prospect of a good back-sheikh, at length decided matters in our favour; and the sheik, when once his mind was made up, gave energetic orders to prepare for us the best room in his own house, which seems to have been cleared out purposely. I must not forget to notice that during this interview we were treated with coffee, whilst we supplied pipes and tobacco.

We were taken to a large pile of buildings that looked something like a European farm, though it was built of palm-branches and mud. The court was surrounded with stables and outhouses, over one set of which were two spacious rooms with mud floors—the inner one furnished with windows and shutters, the outer one entirely open to the east. We chose the latter, as more airy and convenient, and soon established ourselves in one corner, where some cushions and carpets were soon provided for us, and a comfortable temporary divan prepared. Our first care was to call for water, and wash the dust

off our hands and faces—a luxurious preparation for dinner, which in some of our travels we had not been able to indulge in. Then Ali spread the cloth, and began to display, one after the other, a fine roast goose, some fowls, a leg of mutton, a piece of a ham, &c. with bread and cheese, and oranges, and several bottles of ale!

Just as the serious business of dinner or supper was commencing, a stout native gentleman wearing the pacha's uniform arrived, and established himself in the inner apartment, which, though we had disdained it, was in reality the most honourable. We paid little attention to him, though told he was a medical inspector, and proceeded with our meal, which we seasoned, if not with attic, at least with Egyptian salt.

Eating was scarcely over, and we were reclining in a state of repletion upon our divan, lazily smoking our pipes, through the smoke of which the last subsiding flashes of our wit faintly gleamed, when a gathering and a commotion in the courtyard below announced that some event was about to take place. Presently a number of Arab heads began to peer up through the square hole in the floor by which was the ascent, and at last two or three lads emerged and sat near it. They looked curiously at us, and now and then whispered; but it was evident that we were a kind of *hors d'œuvre*, and that what was going to take place had no original reference to us. At length, just as we had lighted a candle, a long file of decent-looking Arabs, headed by the sheik, ascended, crossed our room, saluted us gravely, and dived into the inner apartment, where we soon heard all the sounds indicative of an interview between two very great men—namely, the inspector and the sheik.

We now felt that a great duty had devolved upon us—that, namely, of sending at least a deputation to pay our respects to our host. I was chosen as the ambassador; and soon the sheik, the doctor, and I, were dipping our fingers in the dish, scraping up balls of rice, and picking out bits of meat. Wooden spoons were, it is true, provided for the rice and the gravy. Twelve or thirteen Arabs sat in lines round the walls looking on whilst the great people ate.

When we had washed our mouths and fingers, the doctor put his hand into his pocket, and produced some small cucumbers and vegetable-marrons, and gave us them as dessert. The capacity of his pockets amused us; for he threw one to every man in the room, as well as to a crowd of boys that occupied the doorway. This proceeding gave rise to a good many native jokes; after which we were catechised by the sheik over our pipes. He was in search of information, and asked us numerous questions about England, especially if it was true that there was a road made under a river as large as the Nile: he had heard of the Thames Tunnel!

Before we went to sleep that night, we were besieged by an immense number of people, offering for sale mummied cats and ibises, and little statues in clay, and wood, and metal; with scarabei, seals, rings, keys, coins, &c. In the tombs A—made some curious acquisitions; among other things a huge cat, which he carried about during the rest of our excursion in his arms, as if, said the Arabs, it had been his daughter!

Next morning we began our explorations of this curious neighbourhood, a full account of which would far exceed my present limits. We visited the tomb of Psammithichus, the pyramids of Dashour, and the ibis mummy-pits—all places of exceeding interest. For my own part, however, scarcely anything I saw in all this part of Egypt struck me more than the interior of the pyramid of Sakkarah. This structure has a very peculiar form; and as it rises on its vast pedestal of rocky desert, seems totally distinct in character from all the other pyramids that break the horizon to the north and south. It has five steps only—five vast steps, that together rise to the height of nearly 300 feet. It looks like a citadel with a quintuple wall—five towers of gradually-increasing elevations, one within the other.

At the north-west corner it is possible to ascend to the summit, which I did on two successive occasions. But it was, as I have said, the interior that most interested me. Few travellers take the trouble to penetrate; and the operation is so difficult, that even the sheik of the place did everything he could to dissuade us from the attempt, even asserting that the well and passages were choked up. We determined, however, to try, and were amply rewarded.

The entrance is at the bottom of a great hole or well, about thirty or forty paces from the northern front. We climbed down one by one, in danger every moment of being overwhelmed with sand and rubbish. An Arab preceded us, and was of great assistance to me on the first occasion. Arrived at the bottom, I had to stand with my face from the pyramid, and gradually kneeling down, to work myself backward into a small hole not a foot in height. A few large stones, which I had loosened in my descent, tumbled down whilst I was in the act, but I luckily escaped from confusions, and was quit with having my mouth and eyes filled with dust. When I was completely in, the Arab took me by the ankles, and I felt myself slowly dragged along a low passage for some distance. At length I passed under a block of stone—the lintel of the doorway—and found space to sit up: I was left alone to my meditations for some minutes, whilst the man who had pulled me in crawled slowly back to fetch the next corner. It was a curious position to find one's self in—on the threshold, as it were, of an underground palace, with unknown halls, and passages, and wells close at hand; so that if I ventured to move, I might be dashed to pieces at once, or be sought for in vain by my affrighted companions. Another idea struck me likewise: I had noticed the beam or block of stone under which I had passed, but was not aware how solidly it was placed. Supposing it were to give way, and sink like a portcullis across the passage, what labour would not be required to remove it, and open again for me the way to light and life!

I was not, however, allowed long time to indulge in these thoughts on either of the occasions on which I entered the pyramid of Sakkarah. I was soon rejoined, and lights having been procured, we commenced descending, taper in hand, preceded and followed by mysterious flitting shadows, along a series of steep winding passages cut in the rock. Other passages branched off here and there, either ascending or descending; but we followed that which seemed to lead farthest down into the bowels of the earth. At length we issued into an open space, evidently a vast apartment; but four or five tapers were quite insufficient at first to give us the slightest idea of its dimensions. Even when at length we clearly saw the four walls, and could make out at various distances overhead the gloomy mouths of passages or retreating alcoves, we found it impossible to distinguish the roof. We seemed at the bottom of a huge steeple-tower thrust down by magic into the earth. At length some old fragments of beams and other combustible matter presented itself, and we lighted a fire. The bright red flame, leaping up, sent strong waves of light aloft along the walls, and presently we saw, or thought we saw, the summit of this mysterious apartment, which is no other than the base of the pyramid; for it is all excavated below the surface of the desert to the depth of a hundred feet.

In the centre of the floor a vast column of granite stops up a well, serving the same purpose as the stopper of a bottle. It was once raised, and a sanctuary with a sarcophagus found beneath. We tried to find some access to this place by descending again down, down into the earth by means of all sorts of passages, some squared, and exhibiting traces of having been faced with alabaster, and adorned with paintings. Our progress along these was difficult, as they were nearly filled with huge loose stones; but we could come to no end in any direction, and returned at length breathless to the great apartment. The fire was still casting a flickering flame,

but darkness had again gathered overhead, and we could see nothing but uncertain shadows. After wandering about for some time longer among the interminable labyrinth of passages that met, receded, branched off, and seemed to lead to nothing, we returned bewildered and breathless, but full of a sense of mysterious awe and a vague sentiment of the sublime, that increased in intensity as memory began to exert its operations towards the entrance. The getting out was much more difficult than the getting in; and as we emerged, staggering and bathed in perspiration, from those dismal chambers, and were hauled, half fainting, up the well into the glorious sunshine of Egypt, we must have looked, as we certainly felt, as if we had returned from the infernal regions.

A BRITISH MERCHANT OF THE LAST GENERATION.

[This piece is taken from the 'Morning Chronicle' of June 5, 1869, and we trust will be reprinted, from time to time, for centuries to come.]

THE late David Barclay, who died the 30th ult. in his eighty-first year, at Walthamstow, was the only surviving grandson of Robert Barclay of Urie, author of the celebrated 'Apology for the Quakers.' He was bred to business in the city of London, and was long at the head of a most extensive house in Cheapside, chiefly engaged in the American trade, and the affairs of which he closed at the commencement of the Revolution. He was at that time as much distinguished by his talents, knowledge, integrity, and power as a merchant, as he has ever since, in retirement, by his patriotism, philanthropy, and munificence. We cannot form to ourselves, even in imagination, the idea of a character more perfect than that of David Barclay. Graced by nature with a most noble form, all the qualities of his mind and heart corresponded with the grandeur of his exterior; the superiority of his understanding confirmed the impression which the dignity of his demeanour made on all; and though, by the tenets of his religious faith, he abstained from all the honours of public trust, to which he was frequently invited by his fellow-citizens, yet his influence was justly great on all the public questions of the day. His examination at the bar of the House of Commons, and his advice on the subject of the American dispute, were so clear, so intelligent, and so wise, that, though not followed, Lord North publicly acknowledged he had derived more information from him than from all others on the east of Temple-Bar. It was the American Revolution that determined him to wind up his extensive concerns, and to retire, but not as busy men generally retire—to the indulgence of mere personal luxury. His benevolent heart continued active in his retreat; he distributed his ample fortune in the most sublime ways: instead of making all those persons whom he loved dependent on his future bounty, as expectants at his death, he became himself the executor of his own will, and by the most magnificent aid to all his relatives, he not only laid the foundation, but lived to see the maturity, of all those establishments which now give such importance to his family. Nor was it merely to his relations that this seasonable friendship was given, but to the young men whom he had bred in his mercantile house, and of whose virtuous dispositions he approved. Some of the most eminent merchants in the city of London are proud to acknowledge the gratitude they owe to David Barclay for the means of their first introduction into life, and for the benefits of his counsel and countenance in their early stages of it. It is a proof of the sagacity of his patronage, that he had very few occasions to repent of the protection he had conferred; and the uninterrupted happiness he enjoyed for many years in the midst of the numerous connections he had reared, hold out a lively example, and a lesson to others, of the value of a just and well-directed beneficence.

His virtue was not limited to his relatives, to his friends, to his sect, to his country, or to the colour of his species. He was a man of the warmest affections, and therefore loved his family and friends; he was a patriot, and therefore preferred his own country to all others; but he was a Christian, and felt for the human race. No man, therefore, was ever more active than David Barclay in promoting whatever might meliorate the condition of man. Largely endowed by Providence with the means, he felt it to be his

duty to set great examples; and when an argument was set up against the emancipation of the negroes from slavery, 'that they were too ignorant, and too barbarous for freedom,' he resolved, at his own expense, to demonstrate the fallacy of the imputation. Having had an estate in Jamaica fall to him, he determined, at the expense of £10,000, to emancipate the whole gang (as they are termed) of slaves. He did this with his usual prudence as well as generosity: he sent out an agent to Jamaica, and made him hire a vessel, in which they were all transported to America, where the little community was established in various handicraft trades. The members of it prospered under the blessing of his care, and lived to show that the black skin enclosed hearts as full of gratitude, and minds as capable of improvement, as that of the proudest white. Such was the conduct of this English merchant! During all this course of well-doing his own manners were simple, his hospitality large, and his charities universal. He founded a House of Industry near his own residence, on such solid principles, that though it cost him £1500 for several years, he succeeded in his object of making it a source of comfort, and even of independence, to all the well-disposed families of the poor around. We could fill a column with the recital of individual acts of his benevolence, which, though indiscriminate, were never degraded by the narrowness of religious distinction.

Mr David Barclay was married twice. He had but one daughter by his first marriage, who was married to Richard Gurney, Esq. of Norwich. She was a most beautiful and benevolent woman, every way worthy of such a father. She died some years ago, leaving issue Hudson Gurney, Esq., and the wife of Sampson Hanbury, Esq.

We have thought it right to give this short sketch of a most honourable citizen, though he was himself no friend to posthumous blazonry; and we learn that the simple notice of his death, first inserted in the 'Morning Chronicle,' was directed, if not actually dictated, by himself before his departure. Nothing could surpass the tranquillity of his last moments: he was composed, cheerful, and resigned; he had not to struggle with life; he rather ceased to live, than felt the pang of death.

ANECDOTE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

[The following anecdote from Major Forbes's 'Eleven Years in Ceylon' has been sent to us by a correspondent, as illustrative of a subject treated in some recent Numbers of the Journal, in the papers entitled 'Experiences of a Barrister:']

WHEN within two miles of Nyakombura, hurrying on to avoid nightfall, and find shelter from a threatening storm of lightning and rain, we came suddenly on a pony, which had been sent on some hours in advance, standing over the lifeless body of my old horse-keeper, which lay stretched at full length on the back, and swimming in blood.

The tempest commenced, and darkness closed on us as we were examining the locality of the catastrophe. We compelled the unwilling attendants to convey the body to the rest-house; and there, after minutely examining the ghastly corpse, we caused it to be interred. There was a mortal wound—a stab—entering above and inside the left collar-bone, and passing (as we found by probing with a small cane) right down through the heart. The deceased was a very short man; and from the nature and position of the wound, my two friends and myself, in the absence of all information, formed an opinion that he had been wilfully murdered by means of a long and very sharp instrument. The mouth of the pony had been rubbed with blood, and also its foot, and then pressed down upon the white jacket worn by the deceased, for the purpose of making it appear that the horse had bitten or kicked the unfortunate man. These circumstances, as well as the direction of the wound, showed design, not accident; and I was well aware that the pony was much attached to the deceased, who usually slept in the stall beside him. For eight days no circumstance transpired that could throw any light on the subject of the supposed murder; but I then obtained proof that a confidential Lascoréen (court messenger), who had charge of my baggage, and also the grass-cutter, had been seen very near, actually at the spot, proceeding apparently amiably in company with the deceased, about the very time when his death must have occurred. I had already taken the statements of this Lascoréen and the grass-cutter, which now turned out to

be false; and numerous connecting links in the chain of circumstantial evidence induced me to commit them both for trial for the murder. Before they were sent off, the Lascoréen expressed a wish to make a second statement; and then detailed what afterwards proved to be the truth, although at the time it appeared absurd and incredible.

The Lascoréen's statement was to this effect:—That, contrary to his orders, he had allowed the deceased to purchase some arrack as a present for his acquaintances in the neighbourhood of Nyakombura, in which place he had formerly lived as servant to the post-holder. The arrack was carried in a long-necked French bottle, tied in a handkerchief, and slung from his wrist: in passing a narrow part of the path, the bottle striking against a rock, was broken in such a manner, that all that remained was the bottom, still containing a little arrack, and attached to it a piece of the glass, like a spike, the whole height of the bottle. This spike had sharp edges, a sharp point, and altogether resembled a Malay crig. The deceased continued to lead the pony with the remains of the bottle still slung on his left arm, until he arrived where there was a hole or step in the road of nearly two feet deep, formed by water in the rainy season flowing along the path, and falling over the root of a tree. On this root the deceased stumbled, and pitching head foremost into the hole, fell on the spike of the bottle. He instantly pulled himself up, fell back, and expired. The Lascoréen proceeded—'Afraid and flurried, and recollecting that, contrary to your orders, I had allowed him to purchase arrack, and that I might thus be blamed for his death, I desired the grass-cutter to deny all knowledge of the manner of the deceased's death—to say that he was some distance before us, and that, on coming up, we found him dead. I then took the broken bottle and handkerchief, and threw them as far as I could into the jungle. After this I became sick, and fainted; and it must have been at this time that the grass-cutter marked the pony's mouth, and placed the animal's hoof over the wound, and upon the jacket of the deceased. I had hardly recovered my recollection when the gentleman came up.'

At the time of hearing this statement, I was thirty miles from the place, but immediately despatched persons to examine the surrounding jungle; and these returned bringing the long slender brittle weapon unbroken, though it had been thrown to a considerable distance. Rain had fallen in torrents since the event occurred, yet the blood could still be traced in the curved side of the glass, which exactly corresponded to the cut made in the jacket of the deceased at the time he received his death-wound. In this case there were so many minor circumstances which bore strongly against the Lascoréen and grass-cutter, but which were all explained by the discovery of the handkerchief and glass dagger, that, had the latter not been found uninjured (and its preservation may be considered providential), the life of a valuable and long-tried servant would have been in the utmost jeopardy. So much importance did I attach to the conveyance of this extraordinary weapon, that I would not intrust it to any one, and proceeded to Koudy, where I personally delivered it to the judicial commissioner. After a careful examination of the case, the charge hitherto so strongly supported by a chain of evidence was abandoned, and the parties released. This adventure had a considerable effect on my after-conduct as a judge, and also on my opinion as regards the infliction of capital punishment in particular cases.

THE MEMBER FOR BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

His talents fail to win respect. His coxcombry is without grace; his seriousness without conviction. He has an active fancy, surprising command of language, no inconsiderable knowledge, especially of history, powers of massing facts into a symmetrical appearance of generalisation, and a keen sense of the ludicrous and humbug in others. He is a shrewd observer of men and things; but he has neither the eye to see, nor the soul to comprehend, anything much below the surface. There is little depth in him of any kind—thought or feeling: hence the want of vitality in all he does. He cannot paint, for he cannot grasp, a character; his sole power in that line consists in hitting off the obtrusive peculiarities, the juttings out of an individuality. In his books you meet with nothing noble, nothing generous, nothing tender, nothing impassioned. His passion is mere sensuality, as his elocution is mere diction: the splendour of words, not the lustre of

thoughts. Imagination, in the large and noble sense, he has none, for his sensibility is sustained by no warmth. Humour he has none, for humour is deep. . . . D'Israeli conceives himself to be a man of genius; in truth he is only the prospectus of a genius. He has magnificent plans, but he writes prefaces instead of books. All the promise which allures in a prospectus arrests attention in him; but he does not perform what he promises. He has aspiration, but no inspiration; ambition, but no creative power. In his poems, in his novels, and in his speeches, you see that he means something great, but has not the force to originate it. As an author, in spite of a certain notoriety and undeniable talents, his value is null. He has written books, and these books have been immensely successful; but they have no place in our literature—they are indubitable failures, or fleeting ephemera. He has taken many leaps, but has gained no footing. He has written a quarter epic; he has written a tragedy; he has written novels, pamphlets, and a political treatise on the constitution; but all these works are as dead as the last week's newspaper. The most insignificant niche in the temple is denied them. If anybody looks at them, it is not on their account, but on his account. The noise they made has passed away like the vacuous enthusiasm of after-dinner friendships. They have achieved notoriety for their author, oblivion for themselves.—*British Quarterly Review*. [It might have been added, that Mr D'Israeli's worst fault is his consumption of valuable time in harangues which end in nothing. He thus impedes legislation, and stops the business of the country, without effecting a single useful object.]

NOTTINGHAM LACE TRADE.

The rise of this trade at Nottingham was marked by very extraordinary circumstances. It was about seventy years ago that a stocking-weaver tried whether he could apply his frame or loom to make something which could imitate lace, and by slow degrees such imitation became introduced. It was not, however, till thirty years afterwards that Mr Heathcoat, in 1809, obtained a patent for a new and highly-ingenuous lace-making machine, which, from certain arrangements of its mechanism, obtained the name of a bobbin frame, and hence the name of bobbin net. Of the envy and strife which drove Mr Heathcoat away from Nottingham, and led him to settle in Devonshire, we will say nothing; it is not a creditable feature; but we cannot pass in silence over the year 1823, when, Mr Heathcoat's patent having expired, all Nottingham went mad—everybody wished to make bobbin net. Listen to what Mr McCulloch says on this point:—'Numerous individuals, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and others, readily embarked capital in so tempting a speculation. Prices fell in proportion as production increased, but the demand was immense; and the Nottingham lace-frame became the organ of general supply, rivalling and supplanting in plain nets the most finished productions of France and the Netherlands.' Hear, too, Dr Ure on the same point:—'It was no uncommon thing for an artisan to leave his usual calling and betake himself to a lace frame, of which he was part proprietor, and realise by working upon it 20s., 30s., nay, even 40s. per day. In consequence of such wonderful gains, Nottingham, the birthplace of this new art, with Loughborough and the adjoining villages, became the scene of an epidemic mania. Many, though nearly devoid of mechanical genius, or the constructive talent, tormented themselves night and day with projects of bobbins, pushers, lockers, point, bars, and needles of every various form, till their minds got permanently bewildered. Several lost their senses altogether; and some, after cherishing visions of wealth, as in the old times of alchemy, finding their schemes abortive, sank into despair, and committed suicide. If the Nottingham lace-makers were now to go mad, it would not be at the golden dreams before them. Competition has had its usual levelling effect, and no more fortunes can be rapidly made in the lace-trade; the consumption is immense, but the workers are numerous, and prices, wages, and profits, have all alike become low.—*The Land We Live In*.

A NEW ZEALAND HOUSEHOLD.

The girls in their best mats, or gaudiest calicoes, and the children 'in puris naturalibus,' assemble to greet and welcome us, not altogether uninfluenced by the hope of getting a present of a cigar or a pipeful of tobacco. In the interior of the Pa, the Wahines, or matrons, are busy weaving flax-mats, cleaning potatoes or fish, or engaged in

the superintendence of a Maori oven, or a huge gipsy-looking cauldron, called a 'go-ashore,' and can only afford to greet a visitor with a whining 'tena koe pakeha,' sighing as if they were very much to be pitied. A mummy-looking roll of mats and blankets propped up against the sunny side of a hut is the outward signification of a chief, who, on our appearance, slightly unrolls himself, allowing to become visible the small heads of two or three children, which the Wahines have handed over to his paternal care while engaged in other occupations. His hair is a mass of shark oil and red ochre, which also covers his body and limbs; but the old fellow is not ashamed of his dishabille, and lustily calls out to us, 'Haere mai taku pakeha'—('Come here, my white man'); 'Omai to ringu ringu'—('Give me your fist'); and after a hearty shake, he asks confidently, 'Kahore te tupeka maku?'—('Have you got no tobacco for me?') A decisive 'Kahore' ('No') settles the question, and destroys all further interest in the conversation; and the old fellow rolls himself and the children once more into the blankets, to doze off again till the dinner is ready, or till there is another chance of getting an 'omai no omai,' or gift.—*Power's New Zealand*.

HOME.

THERE was a kindly tone that through the glow
Of feverish dreams, heart-sickness and despair,
Came like the echo of an angel's prayer,
And on my world-worn spirit poured the flow
Of the sweet waters of the Long Ago!
There was a vision filled this foreign air
With peace that only childhood's heart can wear.
Oh, strangely linked in happiness or woe
Are all life's changes! Youth's impatient eye
Looks through the mists of golden morning bloom
To the bright hills where rests the glittering sky;
But manhood turns, in sunshine as in gloom,
Back from his triumphs to the spells that lie
In the fond childish words—Mother and Home!

MARY CHEETHAM.

MEN FOR SALE.

The following is taken from a New Orleans paper:—'Seventy-five negroes, just arrived, and for sale at the old stand, corner of Moreau and Esplanade Streets, consisting of house-servants, cooks, washers and ironers, and field hands. The subscriber will continue to receive from Maryland and Virginia a constant supply during the whole season. This being the oldest establishment in the city, purchasers would do well to call and examine before purchasing.—James T. Blackney, agent for Hope H. Slater.'

SOUND-PIPES FOR A DEAF CONGREGATION.

I have applied the gutta-percha tubing in my chapel with the greatest advantage to the deaf part of my congregation, and others have adopted my plan with equal success. I have a large oval funnel of sheet gutta percha inserted in the book-board in front of the Bible; attached to this is a piece of inch tubing, passing down on the inside of the pulpit and under the floor, like a main gas-pipe; attached to this are branches of smaller tubing, leading to any pew where a deaf person may sit, and at the end of each is an ear-piece. You may thus supply a whole congregation, and enable all to hear without the least difficulty or effort on the part of the preacher.—*Letter from Troubridge in the 'Patriot.'*

PAUPERISM IN ENGLAND.

By the last report to the House of Commons, it appears that the total amount of pauperism of 1848 was 1,876,541 souls. The habitual pauperism of England thus presents an average of numbers equal to the population of London and its suburbs. The pauperism of the previous year only amounted to 1,471,133 persons. The increase is partially accounted for by the swarms of Irish that have been driven across the Channel by the destitution of the distressed districts.

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